

THE ALMA RECORD.

C. F. Brown, Proprietor.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot notice anonymous communications. In all cases we require the writer's name and address, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. And correspondents should write upon one side of their sheet only.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The Record is one of the best mediums for advertising in the country. Any American visitor to New York can find in this part of the county and towns adjoining, but to insure insertion the same week, advertisements should be handed in not later than Wednesday noon.

THE QUEEN OF ITALY.

A Charming Woman With Some Little Plebeian Vanities.

Queen Margherita is a charming woman and fairly pretty, writes a Home correspondent. She is excellently educated, knows a good deal about literature, and is even writing a book, they say. She is fond of needlework and has done some very creditable work. Her literary taste is good and it is probable that in her forthcoming book she will say something worth reading. The subject of the book is said to be "The Duties of the Wife and the Education of Children," which is certainly the very best subject on which a Queen should advise the mothers and wives of her country. She drives out every day, and as the liver of her coachman and footman is of an intense red, one can always recognize her. To look at her as she drives along the Corso one must admit she is fair. She is tall and well built (a little two well, of recent months) brown hair and pretty brown eyes, a nice large mouth, and excellent teeth, with the prettiest smile to show them; an excellent complexion, too. Everything she has in proportion just right, except that her nose is too big. There is no use denying it, and the photographers may pose her as they will, they can't wipe away that nose. She, too, has a charming manner, and her voice is sweet and well modulated. She devotes much time to her toilet, but her dress is always simple, and, of course, in excellent taste. She is not hard to approach, and in her drives along the streets the people often throw petitions into her carriage, or even run alongside and tell their woes. It is not hard to be presented at court—infinitely easier, in fact, than to even see the Pope. Americans are frequently at her receptions. A story is told here of an American mother and daughter which may not be old in America. I will risk it for the story's sake.

The mother and daughter had, through some one, received invitations to attend a reception. They came, magnificent. The Queen, it should be told, had slipped a day or two before and had injured her toe. Well the old lady made her best bow, and made fairly proper replies to the one or two remarks of the Queen, who speaks English. Then, as the lady was about to move on, she said, suddenly: "O, I almost forgot! Queen, how your toe?" And turning to her daughter she added: "Next time we stop here we must give the Queen some of that save, Mary." They never stopped again. She is a very devout Catholic, and it is said that when Pope Pius was laid in state for all the faithful to kiss the dead Pontiff's toe for the last time Queen Margherita joined the long line of mourning, and kissed his toe as humbly and devoutly as the humblest peasant girl who stood before her. Naturally, then, she is anxious for a reconciliation with the Vatican, and is doing all she can in a quiet way to bring about that end. During Holy Week she visits seven churches every day. Her favorite chapel is the little San Sudario. So quietly and unostentatiously does she enter church that not long ago she was obliged to kneel upon the cold marble floor of the Pantheon, among the crowd, the priest not having noticed her entrance. So devout a believer is she that her enemies say she is bigoted.

Anyone seeing her now will find it hard to believe that her health is not good. She looks better—much better—than she has for a year past. Since 1879, when the attempt was made to stab the King at Naples, who was riding beside her, she has suffered very much, and it seems to be an open secret that her physicians fear her mind has been affected. Especially was this the case three or four years ago, and on the occasion of a visit to Genoa it is said to have been painfully apparent that her mind was somewhat disturbed. However, she has much recovered now, and her physicians have every reason to hope that in a short time every trace of the intense nervous shock she suffered will have disappeared. She is as brave and fearless as her husband, and she is only a woman in her fondness for admiration. Every one here speaks about a recent adventure in the theater at Turin. She intended to give her loving people a pleasant surprise. She entered very quietly and sat down in the royal box. To her horror, there was no popular orationist. No people rose en masse and shouted their "vivas." No orchestra ground out the national anthem. The unhappy, disappointed woman sat down and actually cried like a little child. She sent for the Mayor of the city (now Senator Ferraris), and, forgetting all dignity, scolded him like a careless school boy, because she had not been properly welcomed. Ferraris calmly told her she should not have gone to the theater incognito. If she had given him a day's notice he would have arranged a spontaneous burst of enthusiasm, guaranteed to please even her. It was a little late now, but he would still see what could be done. He hurried about, and so, when the Queen dried her eyes and concealed their redness and said she was ready, he sent back word that the people had been fixed and that it was all right. Sure enough, in the middle of the second act the Queen stepped quietly to the front of the box and the audience was correctly surprised. Then came her triumph. They whooped and shouted viva, and the band played, and one of the actors, well known for his excellent impromptu speeches, stepped forth, and in a neat little impromptu voiced the spontaneous enthusiasm, and thanked the Queen for the rare surprise, winding up with a most happy allusion to the striking modesty of that beautiful flower whose name the Queen so justly bore. The Queen was deeply moved. But she takes good care never to try the surprise net again. Her constant companion is the Marchese Villa Marina, whose principal duty is to let the Queen read the new parts of her book to her.

A Difference With a Distinction.

A Florida end man knows the difference between Admiral Farragut and Senator Jones. He says that one was buried to the mast, while the other is buried to the last.

A good printer can always tell how the case stands.

LIFE IN EGYPT.

A Land Where Nothing Is Ever Done in a Hurry.

A correspondent thus seductively describes the sweetness of doing nothing in modern Cairo: When one is fairly in Egypt, floating softly on the undulated surface of life in Cairo, one wonders why one's time and adjectives were wasted on Europe, why people are ever contented to stop short of the desert.

Cairo, with its strange history and stranger streets, its mosques and bazaars, is a charming study. All nations meet here, and of all wonderful costumes and merchandise there is no end. In this sweetest of winter climates life seems too short to be in a hurry, indeed, it is not worth living unless one can loiter. The donkeys and cats alone would make a lifelong study, when they lift up their voices either singly or in concert, the very stars in Heaven quiver, and the moon turns pale and trembles. And then there are the people who own the cats and ride the donkeys—several decades might be devoted to them. An Egyptian woman is an object when on foot, but when she mounts a donkey she is a vision! To begin with, she rides on both sides of the animal, and when her curious black shaggy bags out in the wind and the donkey disappears, save that his big ears and small legs twinkle occasionally into view, sensations fade, wear is fail, and one feels the need of food and nourishment. Doodling under canals, skipping over dogs and children, pushing aside dogs and people, one finds a narrow alley leading off the Meusees, and seeming to lead its tortuous way into strange places. One or two smaller alleys turn off them, before you rise a low archway. The shadow is very deep, you are evidently under a house, and a keen wind like that from a narrow mountain dell, nearly takes your cap off. A wide gate stands open; one moment takes you through, past the group of guardian Arabs, you turn a corner, and before you opens the beautiful garden of the hotel.

Syeneotes and acacias bend and droop over the flower beds, roses and their buds wave in the wind, great bambous more than forty feet high, sway with a long, slow motion; the red alfombras bushes that are in the grim gloom, the shadowy pines whisper softly to the fresh winds coming from the desert; the little wavy-tails leap about the paths, the doves mount their nests out in the branches, the shadowless, rainless sky spreads blue above, and the sun comes down between the leaves in a thousand golden streaks.

Occasionally the sweet stillness is disturbed by a "surprisedly combined" undigested meal, and often, People who know how to live in Egypt, value here, and life goes on as it should in the land of the lotus. Excursions are made, evening sights are seen until long after dark, and peaceful delight here is in the fragrant garden. Arab girls paint with Arabic pens and needles grouped in the semi-shine on the plaza; further on an Englishman sits translating an Arabic book, still further down the vine-draped vines, some Arab sheiks are beginning with knowing English words for antiques—caskets and ugly hats and—strange old rings and Coptic amulets.

Down in the garden the artist's wife and an American woman drum softly on their tambour while on the path in front of them a French girl dances, trying faithfully to teach them a native "String" and when it is, with an unconscious measure that can only be learned by ear, not by method. Near by a conjurer does his number tricks, his mystic art of "gaga gaga," now and then a ring above the far-off song. An East Indian merchant with his rich stuffs spread over chaise-benches, his gold and silver ware glittering in the sunlight, changes persons—first a florist and in different ways he makes and sells his goods. He is a young man, full of energy and the same group of little fat sitting idly below, a few behind back, and the downy-soft children cover the garden of a dozen blossoming cactus bushes, and come to it. Later the several dresses, and the ragged girls go their different ways to meet—each other under the broad tail of moonlight. Then comes and talk of the many "old times" when they first came down into Egypt, and so the pleasant days drift by.

Michigan's Versatile Senator.
It was very amusing to note the attempts of the various Senators during the trip to Cuba at the pronunciation of Spanish. Mr. Baldwin, Senator Sherman's private secretary, could hardly be persuaded to utter an English word, and Senator Palmer by the rolling out of such words as "Torna de Fuego" and a mixture of Latin attempted to keep up the conversation which he had made in Detroit over Spanish words. The story of his return to Michigan is worth telling. Senator Palmer as a young man, went to Spain in a sailing vessel and travelled throughout the country enough to acquire a pretty fair pronunciation. He knew but few Spanish words, however, and for making a speech in Spanish, without the aid of a dictionary, he could about as easily make one in Acetone off-hand. Not long ago a Mexican delegation travelling through the United States stopped at Detroit. Senator Palmer was appointed to make a speech upon their reception. He concluded to surprise them by giving them a speech in Spanish. He went to a Spanish scholar of his acquaintance and had him write a speech for him. This, by the aid of his experience in Spanish, he was able to pronounce correctly, and he continued it to memory putting in good rhythms and pauses, etc., without difficulty. When the Mexican使者 came to him he rolled out the speech in the soft, melodic language of his native tongue, and to the surprise of all brought down applause after a period. Who but a Spaniard was ever the pleasure crowded around him and attempted to engage him in a Spanish conversation. He tried for a moment to show that he could not talk Spanish, and finally had to pretend that he was deaf in order to escape them.

He is a wonderfully versatile fellow, this Senator from Michigan. He has wide knowledge of history, and he has many strange bits of information packed away in the recesses of his brain as he has done in his bank account. He can tell a good story, sing a good song, and he takes his cue—but gets more out of it than any other public man I know. During the trip to Cuba he was the life of the party, and he is as pleasant a traveling companion as you will find in a twelve month.

One of the most eccentric men is the venerable Benjamin Richardson. He is said to be worth \$2,000,000 or more, but lives in a small bumble-bean house in Holden. He holds a mortgage for \$100,000 against one of the most prominent insurance companies in New York. Mr. Richardson owns the historic Washington Beach, where he has built whenever there is a demand for this revolutionary relic.

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Ladies' Fine Kid Shoes, \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50.	
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We keep the "EUREKA," the best Ladies' 16 button, \$9 fine shoe in the state.	
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Men's Shoes—warranted best in the market, Socks, 2 pair for 25c.	
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" Good Business "	\$4, \$5, \$8
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Boots—warranted best in the market, Socks, 2 pair for 25c.	
Men's Fancy Colored Shirts, 5c to \$1.00.	
Men's Stiff Hats—Latest Style, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00.	
— We have no Shoddy or Old Style Goods	
Our stock is NEW and LATEST STYLES.	